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THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY G. Y. TAYLOR, '82, OF N. J.

A thoughtful reading of the Lay of the Last Minstrel vividly suggests to the mind the beautiful myth of the swan's death-song. Every line breathes forth the spirit of the olden time, every word is instinct with the life of former days, but all seems raised beyond our reach. The last of the noble race of minne-singers is about to take his departure, and in his farewell song we have the culmination of all the great and good that has gone before.

Sir Walter Scott was the last to turn his talents towards the metrical romance, and he will probably have no successors; for few can hope to succeed in a task which has been rendered so difficult by his labors. But many critics have made false esti-

mates of the Lay, merely because they have forgotten what it is. Looking for highly polished "*vers de société*" with its graceful word-play, they have been disappointed in the search, and have turned away disgusted. No one reading the Lay of the Last Minstrel with such a hope is in a fit frame of mind to be its critic. He alone who comes with a soul in sympathy with its soul, and with his understanding enlightened as to its true purpose, can do it justice.

The Lay and the Lady of the Lake represent almost exactly the same phase of their creator's mind, yet how different is their effect upon the reader. They display equal imagination perhaps, almost equal skill in word-painting, equal beauty of thought, equal acquaintance with nature and the human heart; but one is bold and decided in its outlines, even rude, it may be, in some parts of its structure; in the other the author never forgets that he is an artist as well as a poet, and rounds off the whole into a beautifully symmetrical monument to his skill. Grant, if you will, that for this reason the latter poem is the more beautiful; but think you it would sound so natural coming from a minstrel's lips?

This is the difference: in one the poet is himself, the gifted leader of that brilliant literary circle of Edinburgh to which the rest of the world of letters looked as to their head; in the other he is the wandering gleeman, pouring out his song to whomever will listen. A gleeman must sing a gleeman's song, though such a song was never before sung to the harp's accompaniment.

It is because of this misapprehension of the poet's thought that even Jeffrey, usually so just in his criticisms, has indulged himself in a cut at the free use of proper names throughout the poem. He says, "We like very well to hear of 'the gallant Chief of Otterbourne' or 'the Dark Knight of Liddesdale,' and feel the elevating power of great names * * *, but we really cannot so far sympathize with the local partialities of the author as to feel any glow of patriotism or ancient virtue in hearing of the Todrig or Johnston clans, or of Elliots, Armstrongs and Timlinns." He forgets that Liddesdale's Knight

without his followers was of little importance in those old border days. Why should the clansmen be forgotten by the bard when singing those achievements of their lord in which they played no unimportant part?

No, Scott in following his "local partialities" was true to his subject; he could not consistently have done otherwise. Nor is this faithfulness a blemish upon the poem. From it we get a certain living interest in the characters obtainable in no other way.

The oftener and more carefully the Lay is read, the more positive becomes the conviction that no style other than that in which it is written is so well adapted to convey the author's thought and carry out his purpose. The apparent rudenesses serve only to bring into greater prominence the beauties by their sides which by contrast shine yet more brightly.

Of all the critics who have passed judgment upon the Lay of the Last Minstrel, there is none but has paid a deserved tribute to the singular beauty of the opening and closing lines of each Canto. Justly has Jeffrey awarded them the praise of being "in the very first rank of poetic excellence." What could be more appropriate than that such a song should come from the lips of an aged bard, the last of his line? What more poetic than that it should be poured into her ears whose ancestors' glory it aims to perpetuate?

The old man's timidity in approaching the castle after long years of banishment from lordly halls, his child-like pleasure on being summoned by the page to attend the noble mistress, his half-fearfully expressed desire to repay her kindness by a song of days of yore,—all are drawn with a skill and delicacy beyond praise. This is the introduction to Canto First and the others are not inferior to it. As long as English poetry is read, the beautiful description of Melrose by moonlight, in the second Canto, and the noble lines in the sixth, beginning,

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,"

will be regarded as among its choicest treasures.

But the peculiar charm of the setting is not so much the intrinsic beauty of the lines taken by themselves, but the harmonious finish they give the poem by binding together the scattered links of the narrative.

The action of Canto First closes with William of Deloraine's arrival at Melrose after a rapid and fatiguing gallop over hill and dale, through mountain torrent and tinkling rill. We can imagine the spirited strains with which harp and voice must have accompanied the description of this mad ride, and so can appreciate the exhaustion that overcomes the minstrel at its close.

" Here paused the harp: and with its swell,
The Master's fire and courage fell:
Dejectedly, and low, he bow'd,
And gazing timid on the crowd,
He seemed to seek in every eye
If they approved his minstrelay."

Smoothly we glide by this natural interruption of the flow of the tale into the next scene, where Melrose is depicted before us in all its beauty of "broken arches black in night" and "shafted oriels gleaming white." The quiet simplicity of the description, gradually becoming tinged with sadness, is a meet preparation for the solemnity attending the visit to the tomb of the wizard, Michael Scott.

There is scarcely a better example of the sharply masked contrasts abounding in the poem than in the concluding lines of the fourth and the opening ones of the fifth Canto. In the midst of the preparations for the single combat between Musgrave and Deloraine, while Howard and Dacre on the one side are in hot dispute as to the advisability of a truce, and on the other the proud Lady of Buccleuch is anxiously looking for the long-expected Hepburns and Dunbars, we are suddenly surprised by an eloquent tribute to poesy, drawn from the minstrel by his fair hearer's flattering praises. Few are the poets that would dare so lay themselves open to the charge of want of unity, but Scott, with his characteristic daring, boldly makes the attempt and by his very boldness has escaped the danger. The result is that the

clang of arms on either side but enhances the effect of the lines, and renders the passage one of the gems of the song.

A criticism of the Lay that fails to notice the surpassing skill of the author in the use of verse appropriate to the occasion, and especially the beauty of some of the alliterative lines, overlooks one of the chief excellences. In all the range of English poetry there can be found few lines more musical and more expressive than those with which Canto Fourth begins.

"Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still."

Nor are these the only verses; many another passage might be quoted, were it not that, when rudely torn from their quiet nooks, their charm is gone and their lustre dimmed. In metre, the poet's success is greatly due to his having chosen the irregularly constructed stanza used with such fine effect by Coleridge in his *Christabel*. The flexibility of the measures permits almost any license, hence the variety possible. In Canto Second the lines possess a sort of gloomy solemnity that well accords with the circumstances; in the gathering of the clans, summoned by the brightly blazing bale-fires, all is activity and vigor. The words seem hardly able to flow fast enough. Virgil's "*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum*" is scarcely more expressive of fiery energy. Witness the scene after the call to arms:

"And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices, mingled notes.
And out! and out!
In hasty rout
The horsemen galloped forth;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north."

Such passages show too the boldness of style throughout.

This is developed at the very first. The vigor with which the author dashes into his subject challenges admiration of itself, but when we see to what he is leading us, all thought of the style is lost in the engrossing interest of the scenes before which we so rapidly pass. He plunges "in medias res" with a valor worthy of his heroes.

From the moment that we read

"The feast was over in Branksome tower,"

until Melrose is reached by "Sir William of Deloraine, good at need," we are hurried on from point to point, like the knight's own charger, scarce stopping even to listen to the charming little song of the Spirits of the Flood and the Fell. Is there a legend to be told, Scott tells it; is there a song to be sung, he sings it. All is done in firm reliance on his own powers, and they never deceive him.

But after all, if there can be said to be a leading idea pervading the whole, that idea is patriotism. To Walter Scott it was impossible to write without showing his whole-souled manhood. His spirit seems ever on fire with love of his country. That country, too, under whatever disguise it may appear, is always Scotland.

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet muse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!"

In this lies his success. Byron tried his hand at the romance; but what minstrel would ever sing "The Corsair"? Scott's ardent strength of love directed his pen; without it he would have failed in painting the heart in all of its moods, as did his rival.

The delicate touches in the conclusion show the master. Up

Melrose' vaulted aisle marches a solemn band of pilgrim warriors. They come to ask absolution for deeds of blood and violence. From tattered banners on the wall and stone-carved tracery reflected on the bowed heads beneath, the last rays of the setting sun cast huge shadows along the floor; and through the echoing arches peals the solemn hymn,

"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla."

Fainter and fainter sound the strains; pilgrims and monkish choir all fade from view; the minstrel's song is sung, his harp is shattered, his voice is silent in the grave.

THE STORY OF A CRIME.

I who write these lines am Brother Antonius of the Abbey of Linstenthal, and the events which I am about to relate, at times seem to me so strange and visionary that I almost fear lest they may be a snare of the evil one to entrap my soul,—from which may God and all the holy saints protect me. Nevertheless I will not speak of these things to my fellow monks, nor even to St. Bernard himself, our blessed Abbot, but will inscribe them on this roll on which I had intended to make a transcript of the Gospel of St. John.

It was near the close of an autumn's day, and I was slowly riding back to the convent from the ancient city of L——, whither I had been sent on a mission of the highest importance to our blessed Church. Wrapped in meditation, and trusting to my animal, the Abbot's own palfrey, I had paid but little attention to my course. Suddenly the mule stumbled; and looking up I found that in my abstraction I had wandered far out of the true way and was in a deserted path leading directly over the mountains. The afternoon was already far spent and the black

and angry clouds that covered the greater part of the heavens seemed to portend a wild night; such a night as the "Phantom Huntsman" delights in when he sweeps with his spectral pack over these wild Hartz mountains of ours. As nearly as I could judge, it would be impossible to reach the convent before dusk, and the gloom that increased with every moment of my indecision rendered the attempt doubly dangerous. The wind, too, sweeping up the defiles of the mountain, made it a matter of risk and difficulty to attempt a passage along the steep and broken places of the road. Far above me on all sides the smooth wall of rock rose without a break, offering no place of refuge; but just beyond the turning of the road there appeared a ravine, evidently the old water course of some mountain torrent. Urging on my almost exhausted beast by dint of whip and voice, I entered the defile, which rose with a gentle slope for nearly a mile. Hardly had I passed through when the storm burst, and for some minutes the blinding spray of the driving rain made it impossible to discern objects even a few yards away. At last I succeeded in detecting at a little distance the dim outlines of what I knew to be a chapel built ages ago by the good Knights of Liestenthal. (May God assoil their souls therefor.) With great difficulty I made my way thither, and entered the ruined church. The roof was almost intact, but the defaced pillars, and broken windows through which the autumn winds had swept a host of withered leaves over the marble pavement, told but too well the sad story of Time's destructive touch.

As my eyes gradually became accustomed to the darkness they fell upon the figure of a man standing but a few feet from me and regarding my person with the closest attention. He was clad in a long serge gown that but partially concealed a form which, once strong and powerful, still possessed grace and activity. His low-crowned hat, ornamented with the cockle-shell that indicated the Palmer, overshadowed a face whose marble pallor death alone could rival. His eyes were set far back in his head, coal-black and very wide apart. Involuntarily I put forth my hand to bless him, but something in the expression of those wonderful

eyes arrested my half uplifted arm. In their unfathomable depths I seemed to see the buried traces of all the mighty past and caught a glimpse of an illimitable power. It was a look not of this earth, earthy, and yet I shuddered at the calm despair that it revealed,—a look such as Satan might have worn when driven from Paradise,—the silent agony of a lost soul. Slowly I sank down on a rude ledge of stone, still fascinated by that strange gaze. Suddenly the stranger spoke in a voice singularly soft and musical and yet underlaid anon by some subtle discord:

“I wonder not, Sir Monk, that thy hand refuseth its priestly office. The reason I could easily give, and since you may be compelled to wait here an hour or more, it may not be amiss to thee to also learn it.” Then without waiting for reply, he began, “I am the last Knight of Listenthal; nay, start not back at that name! I know well that your traditions say that the Counts of Listenthal have slumbered in their graves for nigh three centuries. All, save two, do lie beneath the sod—those two, my brother and myself. We were the twin sons of Count Otto of Listenthal and the last survivors of our race. Together we grew up in happy boyhood, sharing the innocent sports of our age. Then as we came to manhood, we entered upon sterner pastimes and endured the rough play of the broad-sword and the yet ruder shock of the tilt-yard.

“Thus far no cloud had arisen to dim our love; but now Fate decreed it otherwise. It was in my twentieth year when I encountered on a ride the lovely Hildegarde, daughter of Baron Theodore of Tragstein. How can I describe her to you? Suffice it to say that to me she was the loveliest being God ever made. What wonder then that I fell madly in love with her, young fool that I was! For a few weeks I lived in Paradise. I loved and fondly thought my love returned—but let me hurry over this fool’s heaven as quickly as I may. It was a bright summer morning and I had just left Hildegarde in the arbor where we had so often met. I was on my way to the castle, when I suddenly recollected a scroll carelessly left behind. Retracing my steps I hastened back to procure it. The subdued

hum of voices struck my ear. One was her voice, the other I could not distinguish. Noiselessly I parted the leaves and looked within,—and then I saw Hildegarde, my Hildegarde, folded in the arms of a man, and that man my brother. Those lips which but ten minutes ago had breathed vows of unchanging love and constancy in my ear now told a like story to another's. Right gloriously did the sun shine down upon her, lighting up those dark blue eyes with a new splendor, and adding even a deeper tinge of gold to her wavy tresses. Like one in a dream, I stood there and watched the bees rifling the flowers of their golden sweets and even caught the faint perfume of the honeysuckle bank far away. How long I stood there in that strange mood I know not. Had I weapon, God wot what I would have done.

"That night, whether by accident or design it matters not, my brother and I met in this place. To my passionate reproaches he replied in a strain as haughty as my own. Words followed words, until, carried away by the white heat of my passion, I struck him, my brother, with my dagger, and saw with reeling brain the warm life blood gushing forth and staining the marble slab on which he fell. Look there, and you may yet perceive the witness of my crime upon yon marble flag. I knelt beside him vainly endeavoring to stanch the fast ebbing tide of life. Too late! I had struck but too well, and the icy hand of Death was upon him. For some moments he lay insensible; but suddenly he revived and raising himself on his elbow said in tones that even now continually echo and re-echo through this guilty heart of mine: 'May God grant thee eternal ages of repentance to assail thee for this foul crime. Let that bloodstain be the sign of his forgiveness.' An awful darkness overshadowed all the rest, and for a brief season merciful oblivion came to my relief.

"When I awoke, the body of my brother lay beside me, cold and rigid in death. I gazed upon him, but no tear rose unbidden to my eye. My heart had turned to stone within my breast, and I thought only of escaping the vengeance of man. The marble on which he fell covered a small square cavity. Raising the heavy slab, which moved upon a pivot, I laid him therein,

and went out into the world, an outcast from the home of my fathers, with the curse of God upon my head. I went to far distant lands and strove to engage in new pursuits; and for a time I was even happy. But conscience so long dead once more awoke; memory with its stinging lash brought back the dreadful past, and I became a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Then I entered upon the career of arms and vainly courted in many a furious strife a death that would not come. The grisly King of Terrors refused to me alone of men his appointed office.

"Then I turned to learning and philosophy, if perchance I might therein forget myself. The mysteries of Isis and Eleusis with all their tribe revealed themselves to my eager search. All the wisdom of the mighty past became mine, but, alas, peace came not. It mattered not whether I buried myself in the trackless deserts of the East or plunged into the rush of humanity in mighty cities. Ever and anon would the solemn words of him who had long since mouldered into dust strike upon my affrighted ears, and the stain on the marble rise in awful distinctness before my eyes. Races perished, kingdoms ran their little course and human life in all its phases came and went while I lived on with ever-renewed strength and vigor; lived a life that was neither life nor death, endured a hell that was neither of this world nor of the next. Last night I came here, and gazed once more upon these well-remembered scenes. Forgiveness I hardly dared to hope; and see! I was right! For there upon the marble still gleams distinct as yesterday the witness of my guilt and punishment."

The stranger paused and burying his face in his hands remained silent. What could I do? Had I been wise like Brother Henricus, or holy like our blessed St. Bernard, I might have said something for his help, but since I was only Brother Antonius, I could but make the sign of the cross over him and depart in silence, marvelling greatly at this strange tale. May God and the holy saints have mercy on this poor murderer!

Since I wrote the above, many years have come and gone, and I am now an old man. This year the plague has again been

devastating this land of ours. Stories have been told me of one who, when others have fled in fear, has walked in safety through it all, ministering to the sick, comforting the afflicted and giving to the dead the last rites of our blessed Church. Methinks there is something in the description they give me of him that strangely moves me, touching some half-forgotten chord of memory in my breast.

Once more I open this book and for the last time; for now the end has come. I had gone to rest as usual, but could not sleep. Stronger and stronger came the thought to me to revisit the ruined chapel, until I could disregard the summons no longer. I rose, and with difficulty gained the summit and entered the deserted church. Slowly I entered the enclosure, and looked around half expecting to see that dark form at my side. The last beams of the setting moon flooded the chapel with a peaceful light. Involuntarily my eyes fell on the fateful stone that has figured so largely in my tale, and then I saw the prostrate form of a darkly shrouded figure. I went up and touched him gently, but met with no response. Gently I raised him from the pavement and gazed once more upon those well-remembered features now cold in Death but glorified and transformed with a smile of heavenly peace. My eyes fell on the stone, and lo! it glistened white and pure in the silvery moonbeams. Forgiveness had come at last, and the wandering spirit had found a haven of eternal rest. Slowly and with much toil I succeeded in moving the heavy slab upon its axis. Within all had long since crumbled into dust—all except a long Venetian dagger covered with rust and mildew. Tenderly I placed him within the tomb.

United at last in the silent grave, united let us hope to all eternity! The ponderous stone turned heavily and shut them out forever from mortal sight.

Requiescant in pace.

THE MISSION OF CERVANTES.

Of all the milder evils that emanate from human nature, infatuation seems to be among the most prevalent and obstinate. The present age is less vexed with it than the past, for now it finds its objects in the whims, fashions and follies of the hour. But in other times its influence affected not merely those events which lie on the surface, but the deepest issues of life, and even life itself. The close of the Middle Ages exhibits a special phase of infatuation. Without going deeply into the matter, it is sufficient to say that ignorance, the chief factor of this epoch, coupled with superstition, gave rise to countless fatuities which trammelled the advance of Christianity and frequently brought it to a standstill.

The art of printing, now become of practical worth, wrested from close-fisted asceticism the lore of ages, and threw a grateful light upon the hitherto obscured vision of the world. But while this noble invention lent such a hand to moribund civilization, on the other hand it afforded an opportunity for the spread of a class of literature that it were better the world had never seen. This was but the early dawn of the coming day, and men's minds were still enveloped in vague and superstitious fancy. What the irksome labor of writing had hitherto repressed, the facility of printing gave free rein to. The musty thoughts, tastes and traditions of long years now found relief in one universal exhalation. Like rank weeds, they sprang up everywhere, diffusing their noisome miasms far and wide, and poisoning the minds of young and old. Knight-errantry, which had seen its prime fully two centuries previous and was now no more, was the favorite theme. The monk, in his secret cell, fed on the forbidden fruit; with it the love-sick recluse, sighing away her soul, solaced her weary hours, and even the rustic knew no letters but tales of prowess and love.

We cannot wonder that in Spain the taste for knight-errantry was keenest, for in love and war Spain had ever been foremost.

The spirit of the Crusades, of romantic pilgrimages to the Holy Land, was still alive. Tourneys and generous banquets; mighty battles for the faith and single-handed exploits at arms; the ardent passion of troubadours breathed out to the strains of the guitar; the gallantry and gaiety of the court; and finally war, which was the cherished pursuit of the period, and love, which has been the polite indulgence of all ages, were all happily mingled in a way to call forth the loftiest enthusiasm, the warmest sympathy, and at the same time afford the keenest enjoyment. But to criticise these is to criticise the essence of poetry; frivolous, perhaps, yet the fairest side of the wretchedness and sensuality of the time. Yet not satisfied with simplicity, the author, in order to render his work more attractive, actually ruined it by the introduction of the grossest defects. Not only a total disregard for the truth, and mistakes in the simplest sciences, but false doctrines, vicious scenes and chimerical adventures, marvels beyond the bounds of the imagination, constituted the mental food now widely distributed and eagerly gulped down by the infatuated of every class—peasants, prelates or kings. Such were the "*Amadis de Gaul*," by Gil Blas, and "*The Illustrious Men of Castile*," by Hernando del Pulgar. As an example of the absurdities of these books, it is mentioned, in the latter, that "*Don Suéro de Quinonés*, having agreed to break three hundred lances to ransom himself from the chains thrown around him by his lady, defended the pass of Orbigo for thirty days, as did Rodomont the bridge of Montpéllier."

The effect of this class of literature can be readily imagined. The youth of all classes forgot the needs of the stomach in pandering to the false cravings of the mind. In the higher caste, the hot ancestral blood—though none the less foolish for its ardor—sought an outlet for the desires that this literature naturally prompted. Promising sons were diverted from the honest pursuit of learning, to an absurd course of conduct. Their nice sense of knightly honor, raised to the highest pitch, was the source of many a sanguinary duel, and, on the other hand, intrigue, amours, contempt for right, revels followed by drunken

brawls, and a general profligacy, showed too plainly that their nice honor was correspondingly debased. All classes were the victims of its infamous influence. The really pious gazed upon the ravages of the enemy with dismay. It kindled their just but vain indignation. Among these were Louis Yivés, Fray Louis de Granada, and others of note, who succeeded in eliciting from His Most Catholic Majesty, Charles V., a decree against the publication of this class of literature. But to what purpose? The taste for it had been allowed to increase more and more, and any attempt to deny the popular demands were foolish indeed. Was not Charles himself found secretly reading the *Don Belianis of Greece*, one of the most flagrant productions in the whole category?

The honest endeavors of the profoundest scholars to prevent the spread of the infection were baffled. Late in the sixteenth century it had assumed its greatest proportions and reached its highest popularity. Moralists and philosophers had alike been overwhelmed by its irresistible progress. Who knows what would have been its ultimate effect upon Spain and even the whole of eastern Europe, if Don Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra had not now stepped into the arena as the champion of a renaissance in popular literature? The infatuation that all had failed to dispel, he with one bold stroke of his pen unmasked, disarmed and destroyed. The reason of his success is simple and can be summed up in a few words. He was a man perfectly acquainted with the disposition and tastes of the people. Two years in the classical atmosphere of Salamanca, a long service in the wars against the Turks, a score more years spent in an African dungeon, and the remainder of his life harassed by unrelenting misfortune, had imparted to him a ripe knowledge of human nature and had whetted to a still keener edge his already pungent wit. Knowing then well how to approach the people, the burden of his task was thrown on his capability to effect the approach. Cool reason, earnest persuasion or imperial edicts, the measures to which others had recourse, were not the means by which he hoped to attain what he wished. No doubt his

experience had taught him that nothing so quickly warps the opinion of the credulous and ignorant, as ridicule; that nothing so soon divests a cherished object of its charms as a revelation of its absurdities. This he called upon his wit to perform. Don Quixote, the production that was to create such a revulsion in public taste and sentiment, became the common property of all, April 8th, 1605.

As is often the case with literature of real merit, it was at first received as any other racy tale, but failed to strike home. It was because it was not understood. Perhaps, in the eyes of the world, so far from being considered a satire, it was rather an elegant and witty piece of pleasantry, merely to amuse. Whatever caused the misconception, it is certain that Cervantes was not long in discovering the trouble and its remedy. Under the suggestive title of *Buscapié*—meaning lighted fuses thrown forward in military operations to give light to a night-march—he shortly published an anonymous pamphlet, pretending to criticise his own book while he hinted at its true object. The ruse proved successful. Indifference gave way to eager curiosity among authors and readers. The latter, quick to take the hint, received it with open arms. Four editions followed each other in rapid succession. Its application now well understood, they entered fully into the spirit of it, and even joined in the laugh at their old favorites. The authors, on the contrary, watched with jealous eye its ever growing popularity. In turn they launched their scathing satire against it, and strove to stamp it out of existence. Too late. The tide of popular feeling already turned, was now setting with such irresistible power against them, that, deserted by their constituents, they were compelled to give way, and accept with deep chagrin the derision heaped upon them. The literary demand was not only effectually checked, but changed. So thoroughly was it uprooted that no book of the kind was written ever after; and Cervantes has been severely rated for thus wantonly obliterating the few monuments of an impoverished literature. But when we consider the odds against him, we cannot justly hold him responsible for any side issues.

Some have wondered that Don Quixote should have had such a powerful effect. They regard it prolix and tiresome on account of the undue number of incidents, essentially similar, crowded together without any definite plan. But in the first place, we must remember that it was originally much smaller, half, at least, having been subsequently added to prove the identity of its author, and further, that its aim and the circumstances under which it was written, required the main practical lesson to be constantly repeated. But aside from these minor faults, if so they can be termed, the most exacting critic evinces nothing but its praise. The graceful and poetical style, the lively, yet subdued wit, and the thorough knowledge of the manners and conversation of men, especially of the lower classes, shows itself on every page. No thought is too prosaic, no sentiment too poetical for the aptitude and scope of Sancho's raillery. Take as an instance, the luckless squire's reply to the question, "What is a knight-errant?" "You must know then that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is cudgelled and made an emperor; to-day he is the most unfortunate wretch in the world; to-morrow, he will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire." Similar ludicrous conversation mingled with scenes and incidents which the reader must seek to appreciate, combine to make up an extravagantly exaggerated picture of the typical novel of the times; yet couched in such language that it could not but win the sympathy of those it was destined to affect. The well-known remark of Philip II. clearly proves the estimation in which it was held. Whatever motives may have swayed him, this at least, remains certain, that the one-handed soldier of the Levant had achieved a task in which the ablest and most influential had failed.

MR. HALL'S METAMORPHOSIS.

*"Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est, in horas."*—HOR.

I was a junior partner in the firm of Marston, French & Co., Buffalo, and was traveling to New York on business. On the train, I noticed especially a tall fine-looking man a seat or two ahead of me, with iron-gray beard, dark eyes and a general air of refinement. He was conversing with a friend in the same seat, and his half-turned profile gave me a fine opportunity for observing him. I have an odd habit, of watching people so intently that I often come to fancy myself in their place—identified with them—and try to imagine how I would act in their position. The gentleman before me attracted me with even more interest than I usually feel, and as there were few others in the car to distract my attention I found myself trying with more and more effort to pierce his personality, wondering how mine would act in its place. Suddenly, a shiver passed through me, and without any sensation of change or movement I found myself looking at objects from a point two or three seats ahead of where I had been sitting. I glanced down instinctively, and beheld a pair of hands not my own, one holding a paper which the object of my scrutiny had been reading. The clothing on me was unfamiliar; the coat, the pantaloons, the glossy hat on my lap,—where had I seen them? I moved my eyes further up; horrors! I now had a beard and a heavy mustache,—whiskered appendages which I have always detested. Other strange discoveries were made almost instantaneously and without interrupting the talking of some one next me, of whose presence I suddenly became aware, and with a furtive look found him to be the companion of the gentleman I had been watching. What had happened? Where was I? Or more important, who was I? I felt that I still possessed my own memory, my own will, my own soul and spirit; yet the hands I moved, the body

I now controlled, were unfamiliar and strange. I was amazed and half frightened, and, turning, happened to catch a glimpse of a mirror at the side of the car. Heavens! What did I see? The features, the form, the position I was in, were those of the stranger whom I had been so curiously scanning!

I was completely overcome. Luckily the man at my side, suspecting nothing, had noticed nothing, and kept on talking. I stole a look behind me—and there I sat, or the body and face hitherto mine, with a curious puzzled expression on the face. Alarmed as I was, I could not keep from smiling at thought of the astonishment its present owner must be feeling. There was nothing to be done; my mysterious friend and I had evidently changed minds, with no one to witness the change. My first impulse was to explain and change places with the other I. But this seemed useless; he was probably as surprised as I was, and could not help me in any way. The friends I was going to see would not know me in my present form; and the figure behind me was certainly not the one to perform any duties which this other gentlemen had had in view. To explain my business to it (I could not yet think of it as a personal *he*) and ask him to do it, would be worse than useless, as it had to be transacted by myself alone. While I was going through all the possibilities of complication which would result from this unexpected change of body, the train reached its destination, and my loquacious friend, remarking, "What's the matter, Todd? you're as silent as the Sphinx," drew me into the aisle. Mechanically I followed, and almost before I knew it, was in the crowd on the platform and had lost sight of my former self.

So I was lost! Body dissevered from soul and gone I knew not where! I wanted to cry out and explain; but how absurd it would seem! What could I say? That I was some one else? That my other self was here somewhere in the crowd? That I was afraid it would get lost? (as I really was.) Surely, never was mortal in a more absurd and helpless situation. The utter futility of all relief forced itself upon me; I groaned, then smiled, then decided to fill the new position as best I could.

I was keen enough to readily take a cue from my companion; at times answering his remarks very guardedly, and allowing him to lead the way to the street. He asked if we had better take a cab; I said, yes, certainly, and he called one and ordered the driver to take us to —— street. On the way, I pumped my friend, very cautiously. My body's name was Todd, for he had called me by that name; and by adroitly turning the conversation, I ascertained that it had been with him on a business trip to the Northwest, and was just returning; that it—I— had bachelor apartments in —— street, and was very fond of smoking (which was not true). That was all I could learn with prudence: rather small capital to take up a new life with.

"My house, you know, isn't far from your place, so I will drop you and drive on. I see we're almost there. Remember your engagement to go out to Mrs. Loring's, to-night; I'll call for you at eight." The carriage stopped, and I, somewhat bewildered, found I was expected to alight, which I did, and the carriage drove on.

I made my way up the steps of a handsome stone house, and was admitted, and recognized by the man who let me in. He said, "Your rooms are all right, sir; you'll find the door open;" and I followed the nod of his head up stairs and into an apartment which I concluded was the right one. The room was handsomely furnished, but I scarcely thought about it, and flung myself into a chair, wearied with the surprises and shocks I had experienced.

A pretty situation, this! I reflected. Here I am—all the agglomeration of tastes and feelings, knowledge, will and experience I call myself—transferred to a strange body, of whose past history and present connections I know absolutely nothing. What a strange freak of mental action it was! I half pinched myself to make sure I was awake; but I knew too well it was no dream. I was undeniably in a difficult situation, from which any escape seemed hopeless. What was my other body doing, all this time? How would its present motor know where to go or what to do? Suppose he should in a fit of despair drown

himself,—what would *I* do if *I* ever wanted my own body again? A feeling of uneasiness on this account, added to the troubles of the situation. Then who was Mrs. Loring? and what was *I* to say when *I* got there? Troubled as *I* was, again and again the ludicrousness of the situation struck me, and helped to relieve the strain. *I* even worked up a mild curiosity as to what fate would make out of it all.

It was now nearly six o'clock, and finding that *I* would not be at all averse to a good dinner, *I* brushed the unfamiliar hair, and took the decisive step of cutting off that detestable beard and taking a clean shave. Just *I* had finished, the dinner-bell rang, and finding a clean pocket-handkerchief marked *T.*, *I* boldly made my way to the dining-room. The table was lined with merry talkers, and *I* felt a misgiving as *I* entered. My predecessor must have been a general favorite, and no sooner had *I* taken my seat than my troubles began. "Why, Mr. Todd, are you back already?" "How did you enjoy your trip?" "How far did you go?" "Have you got that picture for me?" "Why, what made you take off those beautiful whiskers?" "Did you call on Mrs. Stanton?" These and more complex interrogatories completely routed me; *I* returned some random answers, and saw to my dismay yet amusement that several had missed the mark. To one query as to what *I* purchased most of, *I* said "pork," which produced a decided sensation. My hasty correction, "ingrains, *I* mean," met with no better favor, and *I* subsided, and plead hunger as an excuse from further conversation.

Safe again within the shelter of my room, there was nothing to do but await the arrival of my friend. A dress-coat in the closet *I* concluded to be mine, and put it on. He came, in due time, with a "Well, Derwent, ready?" and we went out together. Derwent! so that was part of my name. Well, was *I* Derwent Todd or Todd Derwent? Did — but with an effort *I* kept back the wonder that was constantly harassing me.

A short walk of some squares brought us to our destination, and *I* daringly rang the bell and then allowed him to enter first. In the parlor we were welcomed by a pleasant-looking lady, who

seemed very glad to see us, and rather to my confusion addressed me as "Derwent". A young girl also greeted us, with a face of so much beauty and interest that I immediately felt attracted to her. Mrs. Loring (whom, dressed in black, I judged to be a widow) sought to claim my attention, but I succeeded in leaving her to my friend, and took a seat near the young lady.

"When did you return?" she asked.

"This afternoon."

"I thought you were to be away two weeks."

"Well, I did fear I would have to, but I was anxious to come back," with a smile.

"Yes," she said; "Auntie has been really lonesome, this week."

Whew! So that was the drift! My predecessor in love with the aunt, and I far more attracted to the girl. This was really too unkind of fate. I would not submit to it!

"What did Mr. Stanton say about the harp?" asked the girl.

"Eh? I—oh—why, I didn't go there at all!"

"But you wrote that you did."

"Harp? Oh, yes, he said he would—'pon my word I forget what he did say."

"Why, how funny! I told you I was going to send up for the large one."

"A—it hadn't come when I called."

"But I'm sure we mailed the letter before you left," she said perplexedly. "Did papa say anything about Harold?"

"No," I said; "but" (boldly) "he told me that I hadn't had my eyes open, down here, and I don't half believe I had."

The girl looked at me with swift surprise, and then said briefly,

"Auntie has that nocturne you asked for. Will you try it now?"

I couldn't play a note! "No, not just now," hastily; "I hurt my finger. A—do you admire Chopin?"

"Do try. Auntie wants to hear it."

"No,—really," I cried alarmed; "I slipped on the ice in—Boston and sprained my wrist."

"In Boston!" amazedly echoed all three, the others having overheard my excuses. "Mr. Todd, you are ill!" exclaimed the young lady anxiously; and the others looked at me with real concern. I grew desperate.

"No, no, my friends! I am not ill! I am not *myself*, that is all. I am lost—separated—mixed up somehow! Does anyone know of a young man named Martin Hall of Buffalo? because that is me, and I suppose I'm he. He's here in the city somewhere. Oh, if I could find him!"——

What had happened? I was seated in what seemed to be a hotel smoking-room, a cigar in my mouth, my feet on a chair in a to me uncomfortable position, my hands—my own hands—holding a book which I had brought from Buffalo. The body, clothes, face, were mine, as I at once realized with a great sigh of relief. The nauseating tobacco was flung disgustedly away, and I sprang up to see where I was and what had taken place. The delight at controlling my own body was indescribable; I could have shouted for glee, as I made my way to the hotel office and stared at a signature, "Derwent Todd," in my handwriting upon the register.

My story is not complete without the sequel. After finding out where I was and the safety of my baggage and money, I went straight to the lodgings of Mr. Todd. He had returned from my—his—visit, and as I was shown to his room, he recognized me at a glance. We stared at each other a moment, in absolute silence; then he said, mournfully stroking his bare chin: "Well, a fine state of things you left me in!" The ice broken, inquiries and explanations followed fast, and upon my hearty apology for any mischief I had caused, we became very good friends. Mr. Todd invited me to call the next evening upon Mrs. Loring and her niece, when the strange story was detailed to them and confirmed by my repeating the conversation. They were incredulous for a while, but I won my way in

spite of unbelief, and chatted with the niece, Miss Alton, with much less embarrassment than the evening before. Upon invitation, I called several times while in the city and at subsequent visits; and I have always been thankful for that strange and unexplained metamorphosis, for it was eventually followed by a double wedding.

THE CHARACTER OF IAGO.

Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth and Iago are Shakspeare's Passion Plays. They were written when the poet's powers were in the full bloom of a ripe manhood, and bear the marks of a mature, majestic mind. Yet it is not easy to say which is to be admired the most; the last we read we like the best. Lear awakens pity and indignation; Hamlet commands the worship of the intellect and whets the speculative and reflective powers; Macbeth rouses moral terror and awe; while Othello inspires sympathy and a pity which is almost fear. There is in Othello an interest which is lacking in the others. If the earth has one holy spot, it is the home. Around the hearth-stone cluster the amenities of life. Mother, father, sister, brother, wife and children—these are they who make life's sunshine. The family bond is the strongest of ties, and for this reason Othello, as the greatest domestic tragedy in literature, strikes a universal heart chord, to which all men respond. A home is a dim picture, a precious memory, of Eden, and we might call this play Shakspeare's *Paradise Lost*, but with this great difference: in the poem, the serpent could never have succeeded except through the sin and disobedience of his victims, while the woeful catastrophe of the drama was caused entirely by the malignant machinations of one no less a serpent—Iago. We pity the sufferers in both cases, but we cannot condemn Othello unless it be that he was too open-minded and trustful of men.

The curtain rises on two rascals; yet how different their char-

acters. Roderigo fancies that he has purchased the aid of Iago's talents in his pursuit—it could hardly be called courtship—of Desdemona, while the smarter rough, for evident financial reasons, is not anxious to have him undeceived. Roderigo's love for Desdemona was at first honorable enough; indeed, when her marriage with Othello is confirmed by the Senate, his hope dies, and like a love-sick fool he thinks of drowning himself. At this juncture the incarnate fiend suggests following up his love to a nameless end. The article on Love in Iago's creed describes it as only "our unbitted lust, our carnal stings," as but a euphemism for "a lust of the blood and a permission of the will"; and he endeavors to persuade Roderigo to say amen to it, by telling him that the Moor lacks the physical charms to retain the love of so young and pretty a woman as Desdemona; that he (Roderigo) possesses these attractions, and that money will accomplish the rest. Reflected in Iago's reiterated "put money in thy purse," (Act I., sc. 3.) we catch a glimpse of Roderigo's conscience and better self shrinking from this foul pursuit of Othello's wife. But his tempter thrusts all his scruples down by dinning "money, money, money," in his ears, and fairly browbeats him into the vile enterprise.

The cool way in which he grows fat on Roderigo's money without keeping his infamous promise to procure Desdemona for him, his use of him as a catspaw in the disgrace and attempted assassination of Cassio, the skill with which he obliterates all traces of himself in these devilish transactions, and finally his treacherous murder of the poor dupe when he could no longer use him and his then empty purse, show the intellectual cunning of his Satanic nature. He offers the wine cup to "good Michael Cassio," purposely putting an enemy in his friend's "mouth to steal away his brain," and then, like a mocking Mephistopheles, coolly bewails his weakness to Montano. The noble-souled Lieutenant, on coming to himself, feels keenly the disgrace of his drunken brawl, and bitterly exclaims: "Reputation, reputation, reputation! I have lost my reputation! I have lost the

immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!" The Ensign answers in sarcastic surprise: "As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation." In his opinion such qualms are childlike and effeminate. He only pretends to regret that Cassio has been *caught* intoxicated; *he* would rather wound his conscience than his hand, scorch and sear his moral sense than his body.

Iago tells us that he "hates the Moor"; why, we try in vain to discover. Othello had never wronged him; on the contrary, he had bestowed favor and confidence upon him in making him his ensign. Suppose Iago *was* disappointed at not receiving the lieutenantancy; would a man poison the happiness of a fellow-being because he had received, *as a free gift*, silver instead of gold? There are two or three lines at the close of Act I. which vaguely hint at a rumored adultery between Othello and Iago's wife, but there is no real foundation for the charge; indeed, some critics say the passage has reference to something entirely different. At all events, Iago does not again refer to it as a *casus belli*; he only mentions it as a sort of after-thought; he is not sure of the wrong, but for mere "suspicion," only to be on the safe side, he will blight the prospects of his master. If Othello happens to be guilty, Iago's revenged, and after all even if he is innocent, it promises to be rare sport to catch the lordly lion and the gentle dove in his cruel toils.

It might be suggested that perhaps he hoped by disgracing Othello to be appointed in his place; but of this motive there is not the slightest trace. On the eve of Desdemona's death, when his plot seems about to be crowned with success, we listen in vain for an exultant speech at the prospect of accomplishing his purposes. Roderigo, his dupe and accessory, is where he can tell no tales, Cassio's disgrace is complete, and his assassination, as Iago thinks, successfully accomplished; Desdemona's death and Othello's downfall seem inevitable, yet *cui bono?* What next? Is he wealthier? Has he risen higher in the world? To be sure, he is no longer Ensign but Lieutenant, but that was not

the motive which goaded him on to commit his crimes ; it was only an incidental advantage, which he gladly embraced. No ; after carefully examining all Iago's utterances, we fail to find any settled, fixed purpose in his actions. His is what Coleridge has styled the awful motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity.

He has a nature which, when it cannot govern, will destroy. The noble self-sufficiency of Othello is a constant source of annoyance to him, and he seeks to crush him under his heel as he would a loathsome worm. He finds the same pleasure in watching the writhings of Othello's soul under the lash as an enthusiastic surgeon might experience in the twitching of a muscle or the palpitation of a heart under vivisection. He is a mental anatomist, an amateur tragic stage-manager in every-day life. For the gratification of his sense of power over these good, simple-hearted people, he will make them dance on swords, hold them over fire, even kill them, to assure himself that his power over men is not growing rusty ; and when the actors are exhausted and can furnish him no more amusement, he throws them aside, even though life has left their bodies, just as a spoiled child would a worn-out toy. He kills men, as one has said, to keep from getting the *ennui*. "Power to him is life and breath and being." He is power-mad. His love for it must be continually gratified, his faculty for mental vivisection constantly whetted. He hardly lands on Cyprus before he sharpens his instruments and entraps his victims. He is the type of those few men who seem to have no moral nature whatever, but are all intellect. Hudson very forcibly says of Iachimo, in *Cymbeline* : "His name and character are those of Iago, with the intellectual hell-starch washed out."

He feels no compunctions as in his soliloquies he concocts his hellish plot. The touching meeting of Othello and his bride after the perilous voyage in separate ships to Cyprus ; their short but loving salutations ("O my fair warrior !" "My dear Othello !") as they rush into each other's arms ; Othello's burst of manly passion and Desdemona's frank but modest answers, move him not. Mark the unmelted pitilessness of Iago's com-

ment on this happy scene, as he calmly watches the Paradise which he intends to enter and destroy :

Iago [aside]. O, you are well tuned now !
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music.

How different, how much nobler, are the words and feelings of the Father of Lies and of Iago in Milton's poem, as he contemplates a similar deed. On his way to earth,

"Conscience waked despair that slumbered.
Sometimes toward Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his *grieved* look he fixes *sad*."

Grief and sadness are feelings too humane ever to shake the soul of an Iago.

"Now to the ascent of that steep, savage hill
Satan had journeyed on, *pensive* and *slow*."

Iago's "feet were swift in running to mischief."

"Couched like a cormorant on the tree of life,"

Satan watched our parents,

"As hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met."

He felt some regret at the thought of blighting the first and happiest home on earth. He looks upon the pair primeval as

"Spirits whom his thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could *love*."

He enters Paradise to destroy, he confesses,

"Yet no purposed foe
To them whom he *could pity thus forlorn*."

Satan has a conscience, Iago none ; he would call it weak scruples. Grief at the thought of the woe he would cause, pity

for the helplessness of his victims, almost love for them, played in the arch-fiend's mind. But such words are empty, such ideas are unintelligible to Iago. Pity! Pity is divine, and Iago is earthy: he is devilish—nay, he is worse than devilish; it would almost compliment Iago to apply a Satanic adjective to him. He feels not a pang of pity, not a flutter of remorse, when about rudely to shatter the temple which was expanding in beauty before him.

Before closing these thoughts on what is, as far as we know, the most wicked character in literature, there is one remarkable feature which should not be overlooked—Iago's age; he is only twenty-eight! If Shakspeare had represented him as a somewhat older man, we could somewhat explain his awful wickedness by the fact that his conscience had gone out in the darkness of years of crime; but in making him so young the poet means to teach us all that Iago was born morally maimed. Iago was never any less an Iago. We cannot conceive of his ever being a boy, at least in the sense of that term in which a mother's heart delights. The impetuous generosity and contagious good humor, that irresistible confidence in others, the ingenuous frankness and breezy optimism which characterize the true boy, could never have been found in Iago's composition.

At the close of the play, as we look upon the "tragic loading" of Desdemona's bed, we might at first conclude that Virtue had gone to the wall, while unrebuked Vice sat triumphant in the ruins it had made. But soft! if our vision is not too contracted in its scope, and we look beyond the mere temporal results of the drama, if in our equation of life there is a heavenly, an immortal quantity, "we will yet rise above despair. Desdemona's adhesion to her husband and her love survived the ultimate trial. Othello 'dies upon a kiss.' He perceives his own calamitous error, and he recognizes Desdemona pure and loyal, as she was. Goodness is justified of her child. It is evil which suffers defeat. It is Iago whose whole existence has been blind, purposeless and miserable—a struggle against the virtuous powers of the world, by which at last he stands convicted and condemned."

Sometimes there is a life penalty which is worse than capital punishment.

Othello. If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds Iago.*]

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.

Othello. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live
For in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Iago's character is not so drawn as to nauseate us. He inspires terror, not disgust. His wickedness is not of a brutal, coarse type, but has a cold, intellectual glitter about it which we often barely escape admiring. We can hear the hiss of the snake, see the poisonous fangs darting in all directions, catch a terrified glimpse of the fascinating eye, and shudder at the slimy ooze of the loathsome skin.

Iago, "if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil!"

VOICES.

SOLOMON WAS NOT, I believe, a College student; and yet he had a great deal of practical wisdom, which we call common sense, and said some good things. Every student can sympathize with him when he says, "Much study is a weariness to the flesh"; and indeed, most of us will go further, and say it is a weariness to the spirit as well. There are very few whose spirits never tire of poring over books; few that feel such an absorbing passion for study that they can say, with Southey's Scholar:

"My days among the Dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day."

And most of us, even if we have the studious spirit, must give our attention too much to the living present to be able to associate very largely with the dead, especially if they are so unso-ciable as to talk to us in a foreign language. In fact, the whole drift of modern education is towards turning the attention more to the present and less to the past. That we may become acquainted with the many and extraordinary developments of modern thought and science, we must neglect those marvellous old Greeks, who have always been and will always be, in some directions at least, our masters. It is a significant sign of the times, that at Cambridge University Greek has been removed from the list of required studies—and this in England, the very stronghold of classical learning! Yet it is to be regretted that the knowledge of Greek and Latin which most of us acquire in College, is scarcely such as will enable us to enjoy without weariness, friendly converse with those “mighty minds of old.” Comparatively few will become philologists or scientists, but we all expect to go into the world as cultivated men; and this culture is what our College training should give us, or it is a failure.

Why do we spend so much time in translating Latin and Greek? Surely not merely as a matter of drill; that were the most evident folly, especially since there is so much that is valuable in English thought, the study of which would afford an equally good mental discipline. I am loth to believe that all the years spent with dictionary and grammar are to have no other outcome than the mere exercise itself. Now that we should lose lightly what we have been at such pains to gain, is surely unwise. But what are we to do? After we have left College we shall not have time to sit down and dig out the meaning of a classical author; our imperfect scholarship forbids us, and life is too short.

The plan I suggest is this. Read every week a page or two of some Greek or Latin author. First read it over aloud slowly, and try to make out the drift and meaning of the passage without actually translating in words. Then go over it again, using a translation and following the meaning carefully in the

original. Finally, read again the whole passage, just as at first, aloud, and without attempting to translate into English, but merely trying to take in the full meaning. If one will take a little pains to follow out this plan, which will require but little time, he will not only hold fast what he has learned at College of the classics, but will find that knowledge the perpetual source of a noble and refining pleasure.

ST. VALENTINE travels entirely incog. He has been among us, but his presence has scarcely occasioned a murmur. The question arises, why should this ancient, legendary creature—who is reputed to have been dispatched by Claudius, probably for some misdemeanor—be accounted worthy of an anniversary day? If he had lived in these heroic modern days, when men embalm their lives in our memories by such rare feats as printing French programmes or competing for *The Princetonian's* prose prize, we would most gladly accord to him a day, nay, if the Faculty saw fit, a week, to be given up to Terpsichorean joys.

Men have speculated upon the origin of this day, and in particular upon its distinctive American feature—the anonymous sending of epistolary pleasantries in prose or verse. So far as it appears, three theories have been propounded. First, the custom is in some way connected with the Saint's festival. Second, it was taken from the festival of the Lupercalia, at which the names of young women were placed in a box to be drawn out at random by young men. But what has that to do with Valentine? Those that are poetically inclined have advanced a third theory. They accept the legend that on this day of the gentle Saint the birds are accustomed to choose their mates, thus suggesting a similar course to the members of the human community. This theory is probably the true one. It voices the sentiment that Tennyson has put in verse:

"In the Spring, a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

College men, Seniors at least, reform! let not this season go by until you have vowed a vow unto the tutelary genius that presides over this occasion, so that in answer to that delicate question to be found near the bottom of the schedule which the Class-day committee are circulating, you may write an unqualified Yes.

DID YOU EVER THINK what a power memory is? how it keeps your past before you for future instruction, gives you a motive and means for every act habitual or special, and in short is absolutely essential to your consistency and very identity? Thoughts, words, deeds, knowledge, surroundings, are all treasured up for constant use. Purposes are so mixed up with the past, that without it none would be carried out. What would you be if some other memory were substituted for yours? The change of identity would be so complete as almost to warrant the conclusion that memory is the essence of identity. Will and desire may be part of yourself as far as relates to the future, but at any moment is it not true that your identity is absolutely the result of a remembered past? If so, see the absurdity of the doctrine of transmigration, which holds that the same soul can pass from body to body with memory canceled at each transition. It is a contradiction in terms.

Our connection with the future has always been an interesting but unsolved problem; but the faculty which links us to the past is what makes us what we are, and its loss would take away our life's stock in trade.

A GRADUATE OF BRACKETT HALL must have noticed with a feeling of sadness the omission of that dormitory from the list of College buildings. Were such an one to neglect any opportunity of perpetuating that honored name, he would do injustice to one of the choicest experiences of his College life. To many, the very

name will seem a strange and unfamiliar sound, but there was a time when Brackett Hall furnished a topic for every club symposium and campus gossip.

Imagine fourteen Freshmen, unknown and unknowing, housed together, apart from the more busy thoroughfares of life and the kindly eye of the Proctor. With no Sophomore to molest, and no Junior to instruct, a common instinct taught them to be fresh and enjoy the novelty. It was a rare chance—a delightful experience; and "*hæc olim meminisse juvabit*" is the theme of many pages of their several histories. They perpetrated all the orthodox College tricks with appropriate ceremonies. They early began the study of biology in its practical relations, giving especial attention to cows and cats. Ample scope was afforded them also to pursue original research in experimental science, being chiefly occupied in investigating the properties of matter, as for instance the tenacity of thinly plastered walls or the limit of elasticity of glass. For recreation they would give themselves up to the stacking of rooms, blockading of entries, and other deeds of darkness which testify to that unruly, untamed, restive spirit—that inward craving to demolish—that wicked delight in ruin, of the youth unrestrained. Pollers, in despair, cast "one last, long, lingering look behind," smothered a sad, sore, sorrowful sigh, and sought a place where riots were not chronic.

Such is the story, and could those battered walls but tell the secrets of the past—the deep-laid schemes, the whispered nocturnal, surreptitious raids, concoctions of the evil genius of an upper room—they would vibrate for a hundred years, and make a monometric capsule blush for shame. But, alas! the first year's end saw only a handful of the former band surviving. Three had been shipped, others had moved, and the remnant took their leave. Financially, the investment was not a complete success. The next year came, and with it the stern decree: "Freshmen shall no longer room in Brackett Hall."

EDITORIALS.

THE PAST THREE YEARS have seen a steady decline here in the interest taken in athletic games. Two years ago Princeton won four first prizes at Mott Haven, but these were all taken by one man. With him seems to have gone all our energy. Last year we took two first prizes, and this year it does not seem likely that we will win more. This is in sorry contrast with the times when Princeton was among the foremost contestants for first rank. Last year it was Harvard and Columbia; this year, it will perhaps be Columbia and Harvard, or Columbia and Yale. Princeton is hardly worthy even of "honorable mention." Why is this? Whence comes the falling off? From lack of numbers, you say. But this does not prevent us from beating Columbia at foot-ball whenever we find it worth our while to play her, or from meeting Yale and Harvard with confidence in base-ball and foot-ball. It did not prevent us from carrying off the honors at Mott Haven four years ago. It need not prevent us from doing the same again. In fact, it should rather urge us on. If we do our best and win, so much the more honor. If we do our best and yet lose, it is no disgrace. Disgrace can only come from a failure to put forth our best efforts.

Four years ago we won because of the interest taken in College, and the enthusiasm and energy of the contestants. These conditions have now given Columbia and Harvard pre-eminence in the games. They promise to bring Yale into prominence this year or next. If repeated here, they will give us an honorable position—perhaps the first rank as before. It is not for lack of men that we fail. There are men in College who could do well at many of the contests if they would but try. Let every man with the least inclination to athletics come forward and try himself. We have not a doubt that men will thus be found who are fit to worthily represent Princeton at Mott Haven, and perhaps to win back her laurels.

WE ARE SORRY to announce the resignation of Mr. Harlan, who retires from the board on account of a press of work. He has been urged to remain but has decided otherwise, and the severance of his connection with the LIT. is much regretted. As the volume is near its close, it has been decided to elect no successor.

By an oversight, mention was not made, last September, of Mr. Van Dyke's withdrawal, which took place in June. It was a loss we were very reluctant to sustain, but we were forced to accept the resignation with the sufficient reasons given for it.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES, at their recent meeting, considered some matters that have been subjects of discussion among the students for some time; and a brief statement of some of these may prove not uninteresting.

A petition was presented from the Senior class, setting forth the unfairness of the sudden enforcement of the law against "room-selling," and asking for relief. The matter was referred to the Committee on Grounds and Buildings, with power to act. As far as there was any discussion, the opinion of the board was in favor of granting the request of the Senior class. While we still maintain that the law is unnecessary, and that its object could as well be attained by a proper enforcement of an appraisal law, we owe thanks to the Trustees for recognizing the especial severity with which the late law operates against the Seniors, and for showing a willingness to relieve them. The committee will probably have held a meeting and taken final action in the matter before the LIT. appears.

The order of exercises for Commencement week was changed, to the great advantage of all concerned. The new order will be found in the *Olla-Podrida*.

The manner of selection of Judges for the preliminary J. O. contests was mentioned, but no action was taken. It will be remembered that the Halls took action more than a year ago,

with a view of bringing the subject to the consideration of the authorities, and that a change in the present law has been advocated in both the *Princetonian* and LIT. Some of the Trustees expressed very decided opinions in favor of the changes asked for by the students, and it seems probable that their request will be granted before the next preliminary J. O. contest.

The subject of the "temporary structure" was considered, and it was decided to remove it as soon as possible and to substitute for it some arrangement better suited to the present advanced state of civilization.

As desirable and necessary a reform as any was the establishment of a *bona fide* Professorship in Oratory, and the election of Professor Raymond to fill it. We look upon this as the inauguration of a far better state of things in this department. If only instruction is begun with Freshman year, Chapel stages will cease to be so "borous" and useless as they have been, and Princeton may hope, at some future day, to regain her position as remarkable for the fine oratory of her graduates.

WE HAVE NEVER PAID very much attention to our younger contemporary, *The Princetonian*. That paper has always been ready to salute the appearance of the LIT., sometimes deferentially, at times with a spice of pertness; and some return is due this enterprising periodical for its kindly interest. Besides, we like the *Princetonian*; it is bright and interesting, and it keeps the students well informed of the popular sentiments and the doings in College.

Such information was probably the main cause of its inception, a few years ago. As the LIT. only appeared at monthly or bi-monthly intervals, it could not give items of news with promptness; and as its contents were then mainly literary, College actions and sentiments were of necessity scantily represented in its pages. The growth of the LIT. in knowledge and experience has made it endeavor to improve greatly in these respects;

but meanwhile the *Princetonian* came in to supply the need. Its more frequent appearance gave it an advantage in the way of news; and its non-connection with a literary standard made it at once a popular and successful experiment.

It suffers under one drawback. The mechanical necessity of having just so many pages to fill so often, greatly detracts from the spontaneity of College journalism. At times there is a surplus of matter, at others the printer calls imperatively for more copy. A paper of frequent issue must be hard put during the winter months to fill its columns. Like a Procrustean bed, it stretches or mutilates whatever does not fit it.

The editorial department of the *Princetonian* is the most ably conducted, and no doubt the hardest to conduct, of any part of the paper. It calls for constant and unremitting work throughout the year, in a kind of writing which becomes extremely difficult when topics are scarce. The work and responsibility call for high praise, when faithfully borne, and the present management have been, in general, judicious and moderate, and have made their department a success.

The contribution department is less difficult to fill, for it has three editors and admits of a much wider variety of topics. Even this, however, sometimes meets with a famine. The quality of the articles varies as widely as the subjects; some are thoughtful or humorous, and interesting; others are of very questionable value. But we always look for something readable here and are rarely disappointed. Its compilers this year have made the Here and There newsy and interesting, and demand the more credit as these short paragraphs are often hard to obtain. To make it less a column of jokes, and give more items and scraps of College news instead, would improve it; still, when news is scarce, what would you? The Exchanges seem liable to be cheated by the printer of their full space, but when they have their say, say it well.

On the whole, the *Princetonian* has attained a high standard this year. Its sphere does not interfere with that of the *LIT.*, and we will freely give it our benediction.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

JANUARY 20TH—Meeting of the Philadelphia Alumni Association; Benj. H. Brewster elected President.

JANUARY 24TH—Meeting of New York Alumni Association; J. Coleman Drayton elected President.

JANUARY 27TH—Day of Prayer for Colleges; Rev. Dr. Breed, of Philadelphia, in the Chapel.

JANUARY 28TH—Clio Hall—Sophomore Orations: First Prize, E. Royle; Second, O. Crouse.

FEBRUARY 2D—Third Art Lecture of the Course by Professor Barnwell.

FEBRUARY 3D—Second Library Meeting at Dr. McCosh's residence. Paper read by H. F. Osborn, '77, on the Visualizing Power.

FEBRUARY 4TH—Clio Hall—Competitive Debate: First Prize, D. A. Haynes, '81; Second, H. Crew, '82; Honorable mention, J. S. Hillhouse, '81.

FEBRUARY 7TH—Dr. McCosh's Reception to the Senior Class.

FEBRUARY 9TH—First Art Lecture of the Course by Professor Weir, of Yale College.....Order of Commencement Exercises changed.

FEBRUARY 12TH—First Division, Chapel Stage.Rev. Dr. Kempshall of Elizabeth, in Murray Hall, February 12th and 14th.

FEBRUARY 14TH—Glee Club Concert at Jamesburg.

FEBRUARY 16TH—Second Art Lecture of the Course by Professor Weir..... Glee Club Concert at Elizabeth, N. J.

FEBRUARY 18TH—Concert of the Instrumental Club assisted by a Glee Club quartette, at Madison, N. J.....Professor Murray's fourth reading; selection, Webster's White Devil.

FEBRUARY 19TH—Second Division, Chapel Stage.

FEBRUARY 20TH—Rev. Dr. Taylor, of New York, in Chapel.

FEBRUARY 22D—Washington's Birthday Exercises in the Chapel. Speeches by Messrs. Bryant, '82, Harsha, '83, and Jelke, '84.

FEBRUARY 23D—Third Art Lecture of the Course by Professor Weir.

'78, "TAM" JOHNSON, sheep-farming in Montana.

'79, NED STEVENS, happy father of Ned II.

'79, RIDGE WRIGHT, made a "spec" in Leadville.

'80, GUILLOU, remarked that the new aquarian system reminded him of *doling out grog*.

'80, ANDERSON, reported to have accepted a position in a bank at Leadville.

'81, RENDALL asked 75 cents to pump the organ for 2d Division Chapel Stage, but came down to 50. "Is there a dog or anything over there?"

'81, "SLEEPY," who's got your ulster?

'83, PARMLY will re-enter his class in the Fall.

PROFESSOR HUNT has been made a full Professor.

PROFESSOR RAYMOND has become permanent Professor of Oratory in the College.

OUR LIBRARIAN lately delivered a lecture on the Instruction of Library Assistants, a subject on which his occupations in the library have given him a rare experience.

ISTE SAYS that the attendance on the 2d Library Reading was an "expurgated" division.

"POP" ROBINSON wants to know if the Precession of the Equinoxes is a torch-light Procession.

"ARE YOU going to the b——" "No! Cork! Postpone your questions till the Soph. Reception."

THE TRUSTEES seem intent on making all the Faculty full.

"You'd scarce expect one, in this age,
To speak in public Chapel Stage."

Now would you?

BEWARE, THOU UNAWARE! the Here and There, the Bottomless Pit, yawns for you.

THE SENIORS have received Catalogues from the Columbia Law School. Several intend entering that institution.

DR. K., ADDRESSING meeting, "I felt I had to choose between hell or being a minister; and I became a minister."

NEW NOVEL, just out—"Pete the Wild Pitcher, or Lost in a Snowdrift."

SPEAKING OF INAUGURATION, the *Olla-Pod.* has reached page 329.

"DIPLOMAS AT PRINCETON cost fourteen dollars and a half."—*Bowdoin Orient.* They do. And that isn't all the expenses, either.

DOMINIE TO DOMINIE on Junction train. "Are you as full as usual?" "Yes, a little fuller than I like to be. But I can stand it."

"ALECK S-S-SELLS them same apples, sir, for three for f-f-f-five, sir." "Well, Jim, Aleck deserves more; he served his country." "S-s-s-so did I, sir; fought, bled, and d-d-d-died for my c-c-c-c-country, sir."

TEXAS PAPERS are speaking of the late George Eliot as "a very gifted but very immoral man." Yes, poor fellow he had his weaknesses, but as a pugilist he stood unrivalled; England will not soon forget his "Mill" on the Floss.

THE ANNUAL GYMNASIUM CONTEST will take place May 21st, and will be open as usual to all classes. Four or five prizes are offered, depending on the work done prior to the contest.

THE VASSAR *Miscellany* says the OLLA-POD. is dark. Of course. *Olla-Podrida* is Spanish for hash, and you know what hash is, all the world over.

There was a young man of Havana,
Who indulged in a fragrant banana;
He threw down the peel,
And turned on his heel—
Alas! now he shouteth Hosanna!

PROFESSOR RAYMOND is called upon to select good speakers for the ministry,—an extra stimulus for dismal howling and general tragico-ecclesiastico-oratorical frenzy in various rooms.

POOR PHYSICKED JUNIORS! They bid fair to arrive at the "fourth condition — of matter."

A CERTAIN FRESHMAN got a family ticket for the Art Lectures. Truly, he beginneth young.

"MY SUCCESS is owing to liberality in advertising—BONNER."—*Ex.* Here is another free puff.

"MR. ORD, JIM? Whom do you mean?" "Why the c-c-c-c-creator, sir."

PROF. B. to JUNIORS—"Some of you gentlemen, when you get to Heaven, will be disappointed in your grades."

"PACK OF DOGS," "PACK OF HORSES." Strange how the Faculty mind runs on cards!

"WHEN THE DEVIL was sick, the devil—why he went right away and put in an excuse 24 hours after the first absence; whereupon being visited by the Faculty, he resolved to stay below next time and take the absences."

LECTURER: "The only way to get a clear view of the General is through the Technical." That's so, if "the technical" means derivations.

PROF. S.—"Now let us go back and suppose we know nothing about this. That will be one step *beyond* where we are."

PROF. Y. TO PRAC. ASTRONOMERS.—"Last week was a bad one, both for stars celestial and stars terrestrial." You didn't hear the right troupe, Professor!

O. P. SAMSON'S riddle for our Philistine E. C.: "Out of 'Here' came forth *wis*, and out of 'There' came forth *sweetness*." (?)

ANS.—"What is sweeter than a *honeyman*, and what is wittier than *lying*?"

THE MEETING of the Trustees was held on February 10th.

SEN. TO SEN. AT THE CLUB: "Doesn't that coffee burn your tongue, Jack?"
"No, I have HELL on it so often, I don't feel it."

IT IS RUMORED that the Rutgers College Glee Club is to give a concert in the Methodist Church in town this month.

"THE WAR OF ATOMS."—Soph.-Fresh. snowball fights.

WON'T SOME KIND FRIEND give Mother Nassau a good Lecture Hall?

SELL YOUR rooms, fellows! Ma Faculty's willing, and Pa Trustee don't care!

PECULATION, PLAGIARISM, puns, perdition."—*Princetonian*. So? So? St-t-t-t-t.

THE NEXT LIT. PRIZE ESSAY will be due March 26th, when all competition for the new editorship will also close. '82 then intending to try, have still time.

WE UNDERSTAND—*unofficially*—that ten absences margin are to be allowed each man. The Faculty are awakening to the thunders of the late LIT. crusade.

Lambda Mewe, Lambda Mewe!
Have you any wool?
Yes, little neophyte, three bags full.
One for the Proctor, one for Alma Dame,
And one for the Faculty's Matriculation game!

NON-CIRCULATING CAPITAL—Reunion steam.

PROF. IN BIBLE LECTURE.—"James Fox spoke like pouring liquor out of a bottle; so did Paul, and Paul was *full*."

ONE SEN. APPEALING TO ANOTHER, "You'll uphold me, won't you?"
"Yes, I'll uphold you—with a rope."

GAZE ALOFT! Many are the stars H. M. S. Right Ascension; but where now are the stars H. M. S. Pinafore?

"PHYS. GEOG." is down on the few-hour men. You want to get in on time or you'll be spotted.

PANDEMONIUM is modelled after the Pantheon. So are the Halls!

THE order of Commencement Exercises as adopted by the Senior Class, was after a minor amendment, ratified by the Trustees. The order now stands as follows:

Saturday—Hall-Day; Athletic Games; Evening, Glee Club Concert.

Monday—Class-Day; Evening, Junior Orations.

Tuesday—Gymnastic Exhibition; Evening, Lynde Debate and Sophomore Reception.

Wednesday—Commencement.

"STUDENTS ALWAYS seem to enjoy the minstrels—they even smile between the acts."—*Princetonian*.

And all the while
Smiles the Proctor keen,
At those who smile
The acts between.

"'RICHMOND, formerly '82, is teaching school.'—*One half of the Junior Class*. 'Richmond, formerly '82, is at Princeton.'—*Other half of Junior Class*."—*Mercury*. He's here.

EVEN THE "Racquette Infernale," by *Pieds*, was not performed at the First Division Chapel Stage. It is very seldom that *that* piece is excused.

DAVY BOY, Davy boy, would you eat a *cherry* pie, that a Sophomore has been chewing, charming Davy?

PROF. OF ENGLISH—"Now Milton does not convey the idea of torment in speaking of the *philosophical* discussions in Hell." Hist. Phil. Electives—"Yes, he does! yes! yes!"

IT REMAINS an open question whether the Penna. railroad or the Faculty runs the Junction road, with the chances in favor of the latter. More apron strings. Pinafores next!

"ONLY TWO SECRET SOCIETIES are allowed at Princeton, the Cliosopic, founded in 1765, and the American Whig founded in 1768. It is rumored that there is a chapter of Psi U there, however."—*Ex*. Marry, thou 'rt right.

THE EXTREME LEFT were badly sat on in Sen. Chemistry. Prof. S. makes no "*bones*" about speaking his mind.

PROF. C. TO CHEM. ELECTIVES—"This kerosene, gentlemen, was obtained where they sell something stronger."

"DEAN: 'MR. ———, you have been to morning prayers only six times this year.' Sen.: 'Have I been six times? I thought it was only four.' Collapse of Dean."—*Advocate*.

A WORK by Prof. Hunt, on the "Principles of Discourse," for use in the upper classes of Colleges, will soon be out.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS have lately been engaging the energies of Yale and Harvard and Brown and a good many other Colleges. They looked forward to them with dread, and they went through them with fear and trembling, but now they look back with a sigh of relief and a smile of satisfaction, as they announce that "the semis are over." We may chuckle to ourselves because we don't have semi-annuals, but maybe those who have them can chuckle louder. The *Brunonian* pities those who have annuals. Their semi-annuals are of the past, and so is all the work of the last half year, never to be resurrected in the shape of a "dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant body," at the end of the year. That's where they get into us. But in the matter of examinations the school that runs the *Niagara Index* seems to take the cake for singularity. This *Index* of the student opinion of that institution, talking about examinations, reminds those "who have not been necessitated to meet this trying ordeal," of the full significance of that awful thing called an "examination". "As all know," it goes on to say, "in order to pass a good examination it is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of the whole subject matter." What on earth does all this mean? Can it be that the *Index's* readers have to be told what an examination is? It isn't possible to enter many colleges without finding out "the full significance" of examinations, but upon consideration we can readily believe that entrance examinations are not required at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels.

New York seems to have a bad atmosphere for College spirit. The University has never yet been able to raise Class Day exercises, though indeed, they do hope to do better this year. The Columbia Freshmen are far below par in this respect and grieve the rest of the College very much. But that's nothing to the sad condition of the College of the City of New York. There it isn't confined to any one class, but the whole College is infected. The *Mercury* mourns over a complete "lack of College spirit." They can't raise a subscription for the Athletic Association, neither can they resurrect the orchestra. They scarcely think of having a Glee Club, a Boat Club is entirely out of the question, and they can't boast of a Chess Club even. "This is the reason that our papers have been so short lived," says the *Mercury*. "A few

years have seen the whole existence of a multitude of them. Where is the *Collegian*, the *Flea*, the *Mosquito*, the *Echo*, the *Star*, and the *Eboraciana*? Let us hope that this sad appeal will brace up the College spirit, for wouldn't it be terrible if the name of the *Mercury* should be added to that death list!

The *Argus* informs us that the Wesleyan University is "not very much of a Theological School" after all, for "not more than twenty-five per cent. (!) of the students, in the upper classes at least, are intending to enter the ministry." This is a startling statement on any grounds, but we are completely taken off our feet when we find that it is put forth as an excuse for disorder in the College chapel. We can readily believe that those who constitute this twenty-five per cent. of the College maintain order in the house of God, but are we to infer from this excuse that in Middletown none but candidates for the ministry are gentlemen? Their Chapel is the scene of most outrageous conduct. "Green-covered hymn books" take all the attention of those who don't converse in a loud tone or "keep up a bombardment of pea-nuts." "These things are bad enough," says the *Argus*, "but when they culminate, as they lately did, in a deliberate insult to preacher and audience, they are unbearable." The *Argus*, undoubtedly, has good reason to advocate reform.

Everybody has heard of that exceedingly proud shoemaker's wife who always used to speak of her husband's "office," unless she forgot herself, when she called it "the shop". Well, the *North Western* (which by the way is the offspring of the marriage of the *Tripod* and the *Vidette*) reminds us very forcibly of that cobbler's proud wife. The *North Western* is the organ of the North Western "University," and yet on every other page it talks about "the school". The *North Western* should keep its presence of mind and not give itself away in this reckless manner. Of course we, away down here, haven't any idea of the North Western University except what its paper gives us, and if this paper talks about "the school" we, in our ignorance, will begin to think that it is a school instead of a University. Surely the *North Western* "with the united force and editorial experience of both papers"—the *Tripod* and the *Vidette*—should be more consistent than this. At any rate the N. W. U. (if we may thus abbreviate it) is wide awake and fully up to the times, for its students have already found out and are "pleased to learn that the elective system is gaining ground, and that those institutions which have adopted it in a large measure, have received a much larger per cent. of increase in attendance than have those institutions which have kept the old methods." Truly, it is pleasing to see that they have grasped this truth so easily. In all probability they will have elective studies before fifty years have passed. We are sorry to learn that they have now a good deal of sickness among them. Our sad experience of last year has taught us to sympathize with any College that is thus afflicted, even though the sickness be not serious, as we hope that at the North Western University is not. The men ask the Faculty "to lighten the burdens that the students are compelled to bear, for a month or so, until the cloud shall have passed away." They also ask that their gymnasium, which is now in a "dilapidated condition," be

repaired. Surely this is a most reasonable request, for nothing is more important for the maintenance of health in a College than a good gymnasium.

We knew that the above-mentioned University was a Co-ed. institution, but has Brown got an Annex too? We never before supposed so for a moment, but otherwise what can be the meaning of the following from the *Brunonian*? Speaking of the bicycle rink, it says: "The proprietor has recently added a tricycle to the rink, which requires no skill to operate and is adapted for ladies' use. Go to the rink and learn to ride, and you will not be satisfied until you own a machine." Alas, it must be so. Brown too must have succumbed, and the Annex is going to join the bicycle—or rather the tricycle—or rather the bi-tri-cycle club. Won't that be nice! But the Gossip wonders if it's possible to take a "header" from a tricycle.

Harvard College has bought a new telescope for \$4000. We are not told whether the object glass is to be two or three feet in diameter. The University of Virginia is exercised over a similar subject, only a little more so. The University, as all know, is to become the happy owner of the \$50,000 telescope of Mr. McCormick of Chicago, and of a \$25,000 Observatory, promised by Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, on condition that the friends of the University can raise an endowment fund of \$50,000 for the chair of the "Director of the Observatory." Almost all of this sum has been raised. We hope that the remainder will speedily be forthcoming. But the boom is not confined to Observatories. The Law Schools are also getting worked up. The Columbia Law School is to be moved, and Harvard is jubilant over the immediate prospect of a new Law School building to supersede the old Dane Hall. Unless the Gossip is misinformed, our "Ivy Hall" used to be a Law School. "How are the mighty fallen."

At Harvard the entries of some of the buildings have been "left in utter darkness." The entries of our most central Hall have been similarly affected for some time. The janitor at Harvard "says that there is water in the pipes." So says the janitor of our dark Hall. The *Echo* says, "Somebody's duty it is to investigate the cause of the trouble and to remedy it." But soon it despairs, and adds, "We suppose that the gas will be left in the same state until the cold weather ceases." That's just exactly what we think about ours.

As all know, athletics are gaining their due share of attention in all the Colleges of the country. Almost every College paper tells of nines and crews in training. The Yale crew expect to do very satisfactory work when their promised steam launch is ready. The Harvard men are well pleased with the liberal manner in which their nine is supported, but they do not think that the training of the men is altogether satisfactory. At Brown the ball nine have been practicing batting for a month past, and "Mr. Richmond is very much pleased with the work that the pitchers are doing, and prophesies a strong nine for the spring." Hamilton is rather behind. The *Lit.* says, "Ball men, brace! Time to begin winter work. Why not have Hornung to train the nine?" They have just held their mid-winter athletic contest at Yale.

EXCHANGES.

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN REMARKED that many of our College papers show a strong individuality. Editorial boards come and go and are forgotten, but a paper keeps its personality almost as though it had a kind of vital force. That the papers of different Colleges should be thus discriminated, appears quite natural when we consider how different are the institutions themselves, as well as the communities in which they exist. But it seems rather strange that the various papers of the same College should thus be distinguished among themselves. Yet the *Harvard Advocate* and the *Crimson* are certainly marked by very different characteristics, though there is a sort of family resemblance between them, as there is also between the *Yale Record* and the *Courant*. The *Advocate* comes nearer to our idea of what a College paper should be, than any other with which we are acquainted. Its editorials are timely and sensible, its news columns are well filled and the tone of the whole is dignified and manly. The *Crimson* is rather more literary in its character than the *Advocate*, and usually has some good verses. The Columbia papers, however, are pressing the *Advocate* and *Crimson* very closely in respect to short bright verses. The following, from the *Acta*, are unusually good.

" Oh, she wears a seal-skin sacque,
When it snows;
And her stunning suit is black
As a crow's;
Short—and thinks it is a pity,—
Charming, jolly, wise and witty;
Has a *retroussé*—so pretty—
Little nose.

" In her basket phaeton,
When it blows;
With her striking glasses on,
Out she goes;
And she's just as sweet as stately,
As she sits there so sedately,
With her cheeks and lips so greatly
Like a rose.

" She plays Chopin, Liszt and Spohr
For her beaux,
And she of "Pinafore"
Heaven knows!
With a naughty "D" and "Never!"
But she's awful nice and clever;
If she liked me, I'd endeavor
To propose."

There are now, including the *Register*—a paper of the magazine type—four papers published at Harvard, and we are glad to see that an attempt is being made to revive the *Lampoon* as an under-graduate paper. The board of editors is already indicated, and if the subscription is such as to insure its success, no doubt "*Lampy*" will soon again be filling his old place. The *Courant*, referring to a letter which appeared in the *Crimson* some time ago and was signed "A Yale Graduate of '69," which opposed a Freshman race between Harvard and Columbia, says with characteristic modesty: "We have long had the suspicion, hardly hoping for so plain a proof, that when a good solid blow is to be struck, when something is to be written besides love tales in prose and verse, when arguments are to be adduced and a cause to be won, there is nothing for the work like an intellect trained at Yale."

At Amherst, as we know, the old system of examinations has been done away with, and students are passed or not on the work which they do during the term; and now it is proposed to no longer make attendance compulsory at one of the religious services. President Seelye requested the Seniors to hand him written opinions on the subject, and about one-half of the class responded. The *Student* says that "it was assumed that therefore only one-half the class was opposed to the second service. The truth is that not only the Class of '81, but the whole College from A to W, is an almost solid phalanx of opposition." It is pleasant to see such liberality as is evinced in the action of President Seelye in calling for opinions from the Senior class. Almost any unprejudiced person would say that those who have a vital interest in a question should be permitted to state their opinions as to it, and their reasons therefor. Yet in almost all matters of College government, Faculties usually ignore the existence of the students as intellectual beings and scout the idea that any of their opinions could be of value. Whereas the under-graduate mind, looking at these same matters from an opposite and very practical point of view, would be likely to see reasons for or against, which had been overlooked by those less immediately interested. Were the public sentiment of the College more considerably listened to by the powers that be, there might be fewer false steps taken, and a greater feeling of confidence between the Faculty and students.

The *Virginia University Magazine* contains an essay called "Thoughts without Thought," an attractive title, and a sort of cross between an epigram and a paradox. These thoughtless thoughts seem to be a sort of epitome of the history of civilization from the garden of Eden to the sand-lots of San Francisco. We are assured at the outset that the author's aim is not "to scrutinize with logical forgnettes the depths of scientific theory, nor yet to enter into any metaphysical discussion of man's thoughts and actions,"—and then comes the epitome. Let us leave him.